

A N

IMITATION of the

Sixth Ode of Horace,

A P P L Y ' D

To His G R A C E the

Duke of Marlborough.

W I T H A

P R O L O G U E

Design'd

For the first day of Mr. *Estcourt's* Acting, but Forbid
to be Spoke by Mr. *Rich*, who thought himself
Reflected on in one of the Verses, which seems to com-
pare his present Circumstances with those of the King of
France.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1704.

31. Octob.

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Alexander Cochrane,
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Sixth Obed

APPLIED

To His GRACE the

Duke of Marlborough

WITH A

PROLOGUE

Design

For the first day of Mr. Webb's Acting as Lord
to be spoke by Mr. Webb, who then in hand
Reflected on in one of the Vests which leads to com-
pare his present Circumstances with those of the King of

Warrant

LONDON

Printed in the Year 1704
31. Oct.

An Imitation of the Sixth Ode of Horace,
beginning, *Scriberis Pario fortis.*

Apply'd to His G R A C E the

Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

SHou'd *Adison's* Immortal Verse,
Thy Fame in Arms, great Prince, Rehearse,
With *Anna's* Lightning you'd appear,
And glitter o'er again in War:
Repeat the Proud *Bavarian's* Fall!
And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul*!

'Tis not for me thy Worth to show,
Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe;
Describe stern *Diomed* in Fight,
And put the wounded Gods to Flight:
I dare not, with unequal Rage,
On such a Mighty Theam engage;
Nor Sully in a Verse like mine,
Illustrious *Anna's* Praise, and Thine.

Let the laborious *Epic* Strein
In lofty numbers sing the Man,
That bears to distant Worlds his Arms,
And frights the *German* with Alarms:
His Courage and his Conduct tell,
And on his various Virtues dwell,
In trifling Cares my humble Muse
A less Ambitious Tract pursues,
Instead of Troops in Battle mixt,
And *Gauls* with *British* Spears transfixt:
She Paints the soft Distress and Mein
Of Dames, expiring with the Spleen;

From the gay Noise affected Air,
And little Follies of the Fair,
A slender stock of Fame I raise,
And draw from others Faults, my Praise.

P R O.

PROLOGUE

Mr. W I L K S.

Since *Churchill's* Fame has thro' our Regions run,
All our Dramatick Heroes are undone:
Scipio and *Hanibal* can please no more;
Nor *Cæsar* Conquer on the *British* Shore:
Such Havock with our Heroes he has made,
That *Alexander's* self affords no aid;
Tho' *Rich* by turns made all his Braves advance,
And lost as many Generals as *France*;
Quite unemploy'd his Tragick Heaven stands,
And all his Gods lie Dead upon his Hands.

Who wou'd the fate of mighty Empires run,
When Sovereign *Rich*, with *Lewis* is undone!
When to such low expedients Both submit,
That One from *Switzerland* wou'd Armies get,
T'other from *Dublin* draws Recruits of War!
Estcourt, their Phoenix, he has brought to Night,
At any rate to purchase your Delight,
To give you joy he does a Nation Sack;
For *Ireland* scarce will Laugh till he gets back;
Who tho' He's pleas'd with the Applause they give
His finish'd Fame, he wou'd from you receive
Your Stamp must qualify each Grand Affair,
An *Irish* Act of Parliament and Prayer,
Have little force without a Sanction here.

F I N I S.